PRICE FIVE CENTS

The Prince of Darkness By Anthony Hope

NDER cover of night, the Duke and Frank left King's Cross the same evening. The chej had preceded them with the luggage; he made "Oh, please, are you the man Devil?" "I really ought to have recollected to tell Frank ab no stipulation about kitchen or scullery-maids
no stipulation about kitchen or scullery-maids
-everybody was always anxious to oblige his
frace. A journey of some forty miles brought them
of their destination. On the outskirts of the little town ay the allotments. They were twelve in number, each comprising half an acre of land. Three cottages stood acing the allotments, with their backs to the highroad. Ine of these now appertained to the Duke.

He began to dig at 9.30 A.M. His allotment had been Its began to dig at 9.30 A.M. His allotment had been good deal neglected, and the ground happened to be lard. Presently he found himself afflicted with acute ensations in the back. He began to wonder what men in allotments did when they felt tired. A thought struck tim—a reminiscence of his wide and curious reading. Observing a small girl seated on the railing which bordered the allotments, he approached her

Observing a small girl seated on the railing which bor-lered the allotments, he approached her.

"Child," said he, kindly, "be good enough to go to the rearest public-house and fetch me a pint of four-'alf."

"W'ere's your money?" said the child.

The Duke had been too realistic; there was no money n his pocket. He returned to his labors (he had prom-sed himself to be independent of Frank for at least hree hours) with a sigh; the little girl laughed scorn-nilly, and then performed a somersault. The Duke was not quite pleased.

By twelve o'clock his back was very bad and his hands

By twelve o clock his back was very bad and his hands distered; his corduror trousers were cutting him at the ack of the knees. Also it had begun to rain.

"I have the sensation vividly enough for the moment, will return to the cottage and have lunch," he said to imself, throwing down his spade. He had turned up a onsiderable amount of earth, and had found some vegetables amongst it; he was not very clear what they were ables amongst it; he was not very clear what they were. He picked up his coat, put it on, and begun, instinctively, o feel for a cigarette. No case was to be found.

"Oh, confound that Frank!" said the Duke, mechani-

ally.

"Need you swear?" asked a voice, suddenly.

"Who wouldn't?" numbled the Duke, who was just riping his brow (which was like that of the blacksmith a the poem) with a large and painfully rough pocket-andkerchief."

"What?"

"What?"

The voice was very sharp. It recalled to the Duke the recessities of his situation. Emerging from behind the landkerchief, he found himself in the presence of a tall, tout lady of imperious demeanor. She wore a skirt, onsequentially ample, of shiny black, and a black velvet mantle embellished with beads, apparently jet.

The Duke's instinct rarely failed him; that was what rould have made him such a great man of affairs. "The larson's wife!" he thought to himself without a moment's hesitation. Then he cast about for his wisest ourse of action.

ourse of action.

"Why aren't you at work?" the lady demanded,

ternly.

"I do be of a-workin'," said the Duke. "Leastaways I lo be of a just 'avin' done it." He clung to his "be" with no small confidence.

"Where do you come from?"

"Zummerzett," said he.

"You talk in a funny way. When did you come leare?"

The Duke felt sure that he ought not to say "Last ght." Accordingly he replied, "Yuster-e'en."

The lady looked suspicious. "You're seeking employ-Suddenly-and opportunely-the Duke remembered

Frank's warning; he was to be out of work! "Yus, I be," he said, wondering if his face was dirty enough.
"Church or chapel?" she asked, sharply.
"Charch," answered the Duke. And, by a happy thought, he added, "marm."
"What's your name?" With the question she pro-

inced a little note-book and a pencil.
"Devv-" he began, thoughtlessly. He stopped. A barren invention, and a mind acute to the danger of hesi-ation, combined to land him in "Devyle."

"Devil? That's a very odd name."
"My feyther's name afore me," affirmed the Duke, who felt that he was playing his part rather well, though the regretted that a different initial consonant had not

The lady surveyed him with a long and distrustful

Have you had any beer this morning?" she asked. The Duke had not taken beer for years—not even in the morning. "Naw," he replied, with a touch of inwish I was sure of that!" she remarked.

The Duke, himself regretfully sure (for, as has been seen, the digging had changed his feelings towards beer), wondered at her suspicious disposition.
"Well, we shall see. You're in my daughter's dis-

She will come and see you "Vurry good, marm," said the Duke.
"Are you married?"
"No, marm."
"You live alone, then?"

Swiftly the Duke reflected. "I got a brother, marm, but 'e do be kind o'—kind o' weak."
"A pair of you, I think!" she remarked rather disconcertingly, as she turned and marched off The Duke returned to his cottage and decided, over a pint of hock and a bottle of seltzer, that he had come out of the interview with much credit.

On his walk through what proved to be exceedingly pretty country, the Duke meditated, in admiration ningled with annoyance, on the excellent organization of English rural parishes. The immediate notice taken of argued much that was good (the Duke determined to say a few words about it in the House of Lords); but, on the other hand, it certainly rendered more difficult his experiment in the Simple Life—to say nothing of sitating his adventurous excursion into the Somer-

"She is probably actuated," he concluded, "by a groundless fear that I shall resort to the Nonconformist

chapel. Seven o'clock found him seated before his brightly Seven o'clock tound him seated before his brighty furnished dining table. The table was of deal, but it was covered with damask, decked with silver, and ornamented by the Chambertin. The Duke had a fine appetite and fell to cheerfully on Monsieur Alphonse's creations. These were studiously rural in their character—Watteau-like confections. Monsieur Alphonse was

dreaming of the Petit Trianon. The cottage was not large; the sitting-room was in close proximity to the door. A sharp rap of somebody's knuckles on the door startled him just as he was finishing his first glass of Chambertin. He was in demi-toilette—a dress jacket and black tie. It should be added that, although daylight persisted outside, the blind of the window was carefully drawn down. ow was carefully drawn down.

The knock was repeated—rather impatiently. "Frank!" called the Duke, in a voice carefully modu-

"Tin on my way, your Grace," Frank answered, put-ting his head into the room. "I merely waited to put a blanket over my dress coat. Monsieur Alphonse has got into bed. He looks very natural in his official apron, your Graca."

Your Grace."

The next moment the Duke heard the door of the cottage open, and one of the sweetest voices he had ever

"Oh, please, are you the man Devil?"
"I really ought to have recollected to tell Frank about that little mistake of mine," thought the Duke, smiling.
His smile, however, venished as he heard Frank, in

answer to the question, shout, with extraordinary vigor, "Yahoo, yahoo, yahoo!"
This will never do," said the Duke, rising and laying down his napkin. The fellow always overacts. I said idiocy—not mania."

"I must see this girl," said the Duke.

"I think I'd better call again to-morrow," said Miss Angela. "I'm in a hurry now—it's Mothers' Meeting night. I'll come in to-morrow. Will you give this to your brother? Mama sent it. Can you understand me, poor fellow?"

"Yahoo, yahoo," murmured Frank.
The door closed. The Duke dashed to the window.

"Upon my word!" said the Duke. "Yes, upon my word!" he repeated, twirling his mustache as he returned to the table.

Frank entered, holding a silver salver. "With Miss Angela Hordern's compliments, your Grace."
"Thank you, Frank. You can serve the entreé."
"Very good, your Grace."
Frank withdrew, and the Duke examined the paper

which he had taken from the salver. It acquired a certain interest from having passed through Miss Angela's

Frank remained to be dealt with. The Duke summoned him and addressed him with a serious air.
"You are attached to me, Frank?"

"Yes, your Grace."
"I wish to be alone to-day. Have the goodness to

occupy Mrs. Hordern's attention."
"I don't rightly know how to do it, your Grace."

What day of the week is ft?"

Sunday, your Grace."

A fortunate circumstance! One doesn't dig on Sun-

"No, your Grace."
"The rain may stop, for all I care," said the Duke.
"Go and occupy Mrs. Hordern, Frank, and get taken to church. Mitigate your mental inferiority to a reasonable extent; and say that the man with the fever has been

How, your Grace?" asked Frank.

"Don't trouble me with details. Do as I tell you."
"Very good, your Grace."
"And let Miss Hordern arrive here at seven o'clock." "Yes, your Grace."
"That will do, Frank. I shall not go out to-day,
Leave the cordurous on the bed."

"Thank you, your Grace."

"And, Frank, in case I change my mind, let there be a motor-car here, and a table at the Savoy this evening—

"I'll attend to it at once, your Grace."



THE DUKE BENT LOW AND LIGHTLY KISSED HER HAND.

hands. The Duke fingered it delicately and eyed it pensively. It was entitled "A Dram for a Drinker—or, Just a Drop to do You Good."

He rose early the next morning—and observed the weather anxiously. It rained heavily. "Good!" he said, feeling his back. "One can't dig in the wet. I shall time to arrange affairs

He had, in fact, tasks of no small delicacy to achieve. The first was with Monsieur Alphonse. The Duke courteously requested the *chef's* presence, Frank being the intermediary. Alphonse came.
"Monsieur," said the Duke, "I have to make a sad communication to you.'

Hélas, Monsieur le Duc," said Monsieur Alphonse. I shall not dine to-night. No, I shan't have any dinner at all to-night,"

"But this is worse than anything I had expected!"
"I shall have tea—at seven."
"Mais—!" said Alphonse.
"Bread-and-butter—thickish—and tea—the tea of the grocer du pays."
"Miséricorde! Monsieur le Duc will sup?"

"Possibly. As for tea, I understand that it would be appropriate if you added a shrimp. Monsieur, we play A part, Monsieur le Duc?"

"There's a lady in the case, Alphonse."

"Everything explains itself!" cried Alphonse, looking as though he might be about to throw himself on the Duke's bosom. "And she loves ze shrimp?"

"Adores it."

"Adores it."

"It is not to be had in this wilderness, I fear."

"No, Alphonse. Go and get it—at Greenwich, or Wapping or wherever it lives. Leave at once. Be back at 6.30. Good-by, Alphonse."

"A lady in ze case! I will find ze shrimp!" cried

Alphonse, as he left the parlor.

At one o'clock Frank returned by a circuitous route, and entered, from the road, through the back yard-which obviated the necessity of crossing the allotments. He served a cold luncheon.

"You've arranged matters, Frank?"
"Yes, your Grace. The young lady will call at seven—with some jelly for your bad throat." I was rather afraid she might wish to go to church,

"Yes, your Grace; but as you are too ill to go, the Vicar thinks that it will do just as well if she comes and reads the lessons of the day to your Grace."

"That will do just as well?"

That was the Vicar's expression, your Grace."
Ah, he spoke from a professional point of view, no

doubt. The arrangement is quite satisfactory. did you get on with Mrs. Hordern—and at church? "I did very well, your Grace, since your Grace is kind enough to inquire. With reference to last night, I explained that my attacks of mental affliction were intermittent, though frequently recurrent. But the doctor is to come to see me to-morrow-by Mrs. Hordern's

orders, your Grace."
"Sufficient unto the day!" said the Duke, serenely,
"You will remove that notice from the door as soon as our neighbors have started for evening church-or chapel."

At 6.30, a large motor-car broke down opposite the village inn. The chaffeur announced that the necessary repairs would take some time; he took some time himself—and some refreshment—before he set about them. At 6.50, Frank, returning from a little stroll in the neigh-borhood of the inn, reported the arrival of Monsieur Ferdinand, his Grace's chief chaffeur, and removed the notice from the door of the cottage. He laid tea and withdrew. Everything was ready-except the shrimps. There was, as yet, no sign of the shrimps-nor of Mon-

"It can't be that Alphonse will fail me!" thought the Duke uneasily. The shrimps, although not absolutely essential, constituted an artistic detail particularly con-

essential, constituted an artistic detail particularly congruous with his taste.

Precisely at seven o'clock he saw Miss Hordern approaching. With enormous pleasure he noted the graceful outline of her figure as she crossed the allotment; with less gratification he observed that she was accompanied by what is termed a "growing lad" of about fourteen. "These precautions aren't very complimentary," thought the Duke.

Her knock sounded on the door. The Duke fell into

Her knock sounded on the door. The Duke fell into a doze. She knocked again.

"I do hope he's not-not queer-again to-day," said The door's open. Let's go in and look. I'm not

He heard them enter the house; he rose and opened

He heard them enter the house; he rose and opened the sitting-room door.

"Oh, there you are! Good evening. May we come in? Mama would have come and let me go to church—only she's got such a bad headache that she's been obliged to go to bed."

The Duke made no immediate reply. Angela came in, followed by the boy. The boy put down on the table a round parcel which he was carrying. "Jelly!" thought the Duke. Angela laid down a volume. "Lessons!" the Duke surmised.

the Duke surmised. Oh, but you haven't had your tea yet," cried Angela.

"I'm afraid we are interrupting you."

"It's laid for two," remarked the boy.

"Himself and his poor brother, Tommy."

"I do be proud—" began the Duke.

But suddenly the door from the kitchen opened and Monsieur Alphonse appeared. He carried a large plate loaded with shrimps. "Ze shrimp!" he cried, triumphantly waving a napkin

"Ze shrimp!" he cried, triumphantly waving a napkin which he held in his other hand.

"Crikey! who's, this?" cried Tommy.

Well he might Monsieur Alphonse wore a tight-fitting frock-coat, a waterfall tie of huge dimensions, pearligray trousers, white spats and patent leather boots, a red rose in one lapel of the coat, and in the other a blue ribbon of the Order of St. Honoratus of Pomerania, bestowed on him by His Serene Highness the reigning Duke, on the occasion of the latter's Coronation Banquet.

The Duke was plainly vexed. "Monsieur Alphonse," he said, "I didn't ring." Naturally he forgot the absence of a bell.

"Mais, Monsieur le---"
The Duke arrested his words with a gesture, and Monsieur le-

turned to Angela.

"Further concealment, madam, is, I fear, useless. I am not what I seem. May I rely on your honor?"

Angela fixed her charming blue eyes on the Duke.

"But who are you? And what does it all mean?"

There is no telling what explanation the Duke intended to proffer, for at this instant Tommy cried, with every appearance of agitation, "Angela, Willie Anderson was right! It's them!"

Them!" cried Angela, affrightedly, and sank into a Who's Willie Anderson, my boy?" asked the Duke,

"He's the Chief Constable—and you'll soon find it out! If you did take the silver plate, you needn't have knocked old Lady Culverstone down with the poker, you —you scoundrel, you!"

"I knock old Lady Culverstone—if she is old—down with the laboratory and the Duke."

with the-oh, preposterous! "You don't believe that of me?" he turned to Angela. asked in a tender voice. It was supposed they wore the disguise of working n," she murmured. "Willie did tell me that."

"I—I am engaged to Captain Anderson, the Chief Constable," Angela confessed, with a pretty blush.

"There you are!" said the Duke, fairly exasperated by this additional vexation. "That's what always hap-

Before he could say more, Frank rushed in from the The cottage is surrounded with police and laborers,"

he cried. "They'll be in at the door in a moment!"
The Duke never hesitated. As Captain Anderson dashed in at one door, he dashed out at the other, followed by Frank and Monsieur Alphonse. He could, of course, have declared himself; but such an action would have severely wounded his amour propre; he prided himself on carrying out his experiments unostentationsly,

and hated getting his name into the papers.

"Make for the inn!" he whispered to his companions, as they emerged from the back door of the cottage, darted across its tiny yard, and gained the main road, "After them, my lads!" rang out Captain Anderson's military tones—and the whole pack was at their heels, Tommy gleefully shouting "Tally-ho!"

Thus it chanced that when the Duke, Frank and Monsieur Alphonse reached the motor-car—in which Mon-sieur Ferdinand, hearing the sound of hurrying feet, and knowing that the Duke was occasionally pressed for time, had already taken his seat—they were indeed clear of their pursuers, but they were faced by Angela.

"Jump in!" cried the Duke. Frank and Alphonse obeyed. The Duke himself was following with all agility, for Captain Anderson was now no more than ten yards off, when Angela threw herself upon him, gripping him firmly and crying, "I'll hold him for you, Willie!"

The Duke admired her courage, but regretted her per-

sistency. He could not without roughness disengage himself from her grasp, but he could lift her into the car with him. He did. She gave a scream. "Full steam ahead!" cried the Duke. With a turn of Mon-

Just in time! Monsieur Alphonse, on the back seat, felt Anderson's hand clutch his coat-collar just as they Fortunately Frank had taken occasion to drop a waterproof rug over the number of the car at the back.

"Stop! stop! stop, I say!" cried Angela.

"I regret it deeply, but for the moment I'm not in a position to oblige you, madam," said the Duke, as he wedged her in safely between himself and Monsieur Ferdinand on the roomy front seat. "The local police are otherwise occupied; you need not exercise caution, Fer-dinand," he remarked to the chauffeur.

dinand, he remarked to the chauffeur.

Ferdinand obeyed his injunctions.

Nothing more passed for some minutes; they were, in fact, all yery much out of breath—except Ferdinand, who never spoke except in response to the Duke. At last, however, Angela gasped: "Anyhow, the air is delicious!"

The Duke was gratified and encouraged. "I'm so glad you're enjoying the drive." said he.
"Please don't speak to me."
"I fell into the error of supposing that you addressed

me, madam."
"What does it all mean?" she asked—for it was impossible for her now not to perceive that she was dealing

with a gentleman.

The Duke replied, with some warmth: "It means, madam, simply that I claim, and intend to exercise, an Englishman's right to occupy himself, or, if you will, amuse himself, in his own way, within the limits of the law-and that I will not be interfered with or harried

by policemen and so forth while I'm so engaged. Do I do any harm to anybody? It's preposterous!"

"I suppose you're mad, really," she said, thoughtfully, "Then let's be mad together for just a little while," he suggested. "Come, now, you're finding this quite enjoyable?"

"What will Willie be feeling—and thinking?" She gave a slight laugh. "Oh, I'm so glad mama's gone to bed!" she added the next instant.

"She is beginning to enjoy berself," the Duke de-

"You will take me back?"
The Duke looked at his watch. "You shall be at the vicarage not later than half-past ten."
"Oh, but that's very late."

"Earlier if you wish—but in no case later. After all, Mrs. Hordern has gone to bed—and Captain Anderson

is probably very busy."

Angela looked at him; her eyes twinkled a little—or maybe that was only an impression of the Duke's.

"I've always heard that it's dangerous to thwart mad

people," she said. The Duke has been heard to remark that this young lady, whom he entertained that night in a manner which may be termed purely fortnitous, was one of the most agreeable companions whom it had ever been his fortune to meet. There can be little doubt that Miss Angela Hordern, in her turn, felt the attraction which the Duke's good breeding and intellectual alertness seldom failed to good breeding and intellectual alertness seldom failed to

arouse.
"I should love a motor!" sighed Miss Angela.
"You're going to have one," said the Duke. "But we must have something to eat first."

"You talk as if you were a prince in disguise," she laughed.

The Duke laughed, too, reflecting that, as a matter of strict formality, he was entitled to the style she mentioned. In view of this fact he did not feel called upon expressly to deny her suggestion. There can be little doubt that his silence, to which, perhaps, she attributed too much significance, enhanced the pleasure of her ride.

"I'm to know you, then, only by that very funny name?"

In an examination of her profile—for which the light still sufficed—the Duke had grown abstracted. "What name?" he murmured, vaguely.

"The one you told mama—Devil! That's not really your name?"

"Not exactly!" concurred the Duke.
"I should think not," laughed the lady. Herself somewhat addicted to colloquial expressions, she failed to understand with what accuracy the Duke had phrased his reply.

"I shall think of you as the Prince of Darkness," said she, with the kindliest glance.

"I doubt whether much of this is not wasted on a Chief Constable," thought the Duke.

Five minutes later they stopped before the Duke's small house in a lane adjoining the Heath. "Monsieur Alphonse, here is your opportunity. A nice little dinner in a quarter of an hour for Mademoiselle and myself!"

"It shall be so, Monsieur le——"
"Quick, quick!" interrupted the Duke. "Excuse me one moment. Frank, show Miss Hordern in, and see to her wants. I must have a word with Ferdinand."

Angela Hordern entered the little house full of a easurable anticipation. All was ready for them; fresh flowers bloomed everywhere; the Observer and the Referce lay on the table. She turned to Frank in a sudden surprise"He meant to come here all the time?"

"No, madam. But this is always kept ready by his ir-by my master's orders." He must be very rich! "I am given to understand that the revenue has decreased slightly of late," was Frank's answer, given with

an admirable carelessness.

"That's all settled," said the Duke, entering the room with a cheerful air. "I'm right, Frank, in supposing that Sir Gerald Standish is still in the Bahamas?" "Yes, your-" He caught the Duke's eye, and dexter-ously ended-" quite right, sir."

"Then his car will do capitally," said the Duke.
"You have no idea," he continued, to Angela, "how convenient it is to persuade two or three friends to allow one to register a car or two in their names-pecially when they chance to be leaving the country. don't happen to be aware whether the practise is legal."

Frank brought in an omelette. "Pray be seated," continued the Duke. "This par-ticular car will take you home in forty-five minutes. Ferdinand has gone to bring it here—and a most trust-worthy man to drive you."

"But—but what am I to do with them?"

"The man will remove the number of the car, and himself return by train-"There isn't any train at this time of night—or rather at the time it will be by then."

Oh, yes, there'll be a train. Ferdinand won't forget You mean-a special?" "Really," said the Duke, with the slightest air of having been questioned enough, "they have so many different names for trains, that I don't encumber my mem-

ory with them. There will, however, be a train. As for the car—What's this, Frank?"

"Monsieur Alphonse offers his sincere apologies. But the design, at least, is novel. The way the truffles are

"Miss Hordern will excuse our shortcomings. Where is the champagne?"

"On the ice, your—"
"Yes, yes. As for the car, Miss Hordern, I venture to hope that you will accept it as a token of my regret—
and as a reminiscence of an evening which has turned
out not, I hope, altogether unpleasantly?"

"Oh, I couldn't!"

You accepted the Chief Constable!" "But he-he's very delightful," Angela cried, apparently eager to convince him of the soundness of her

"So is the car," said the Duke, tactfully evading the Angela swallowed her last morsel of truffle. The ound of a motor was heard in the lane outside.

The Duke looked at his watch and sighed. She came

"And so are you—very delightful," she said.

The Duke bent low and lightly kissed her hand.

"How am I to think of you?" she asked. "We'll each think of the other as of an evening's holi-

day," he said. "Some streak of variety across life—a dream, if you will—a sample of what we seek and see and lose. Or do I put my claim too high?"

"No," she said, softly. "But I must go back to my

home."
"And to your Chief Constable?"

She drew away from him, saying, a little defiantly, "I love him!"

"Yes—but you've enjoyed your evening?" asked the

Duke. "Oh, it's been fun!" she cried, with a sudden gurgling She darted her hand out to him again. This time he pressed it. She turned and ran out of the house.